

THESE DAYS

DEBBIE CORWITH

These days, loving ways
Are kept under an umbrella
When it isn't even raining.

Some say that they won't play
And wind up in a game
Where tag isn't any fun.
One hears the coming years
Run wildly along
At the pace of stampeding fools.

These days, loving ways
Creep out from tender corners
Spiting the guarded follower.

Love alive merely laughs and survives
Getting drenched in the rain
'Neath a sun-filled sky.

